

THE PACIFIC Commercial Advertiser

WALTER G. SMITH - EDITOR.

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The toast of the day: May good digestion wait an appetite and health on both.

The Advertiser wishes all its readers a Merry Christmas, and as it intends to have one itself, there will be no paper issued tomorrow morning.

It adds to the pleasures of the holiday season to have the assurance of District Attorney Baird that the plumbing trust is not only going, but gone.

There is always more or less Christmas thumping and bullying, but it ought to spare the women and children while there is a handy car driver, telephone man or electric light fader around.

If Bryan does not say things in his weekly that will make him unavailable as a presidential candidate, he will be a luckier journalist than was Horace Greeley or Thurlow Weed, or than Whitelaw Reid or McLean, of Ohio, or any other living editor can hope to be.

If the Boers keep on winning victories, a damper will be put on the enthusiasm over Lord Roberts' homecoming. With the Boer commanders so active, and the spirit of discontent spreading so widely in Cape Colony, it looks as if Lord Roberts' date for leaving South Africa had been a trifle premature.

Each copy of the Christmas Advertiser should appear in a loose pamphlet cover with pictures illustrating some thoughts suggested by the day and some of the types of persons and of scenery familiar to these islands in the past and present. The pictures were prepared for newspaper use by the art department of this paper, and may be accepted as a forerunner of the magnificent series of illustrations which will be among the attractions of the forthcoming New Year number.

THRESHING OLD STRAW.

The Boston Herald, always eager to discredit the annexationist policy in and towards these islands, says:

Gorham D. Gilman, ex-Hawaiian Consul, has written a letter, which we have printed, in which he says that the recent election in Hawaii was a victory for "the worst element among the Hawaiians against the better," that "the party which threw the majority vote took as its political cry 'Hawaii for the Hawaiians,' and 'Kill the snakes and cockroaches,' meaning the foreigners. He thinks, however, that the question of annexation, or President McKinley's policy toward the islands, was not an issue, but that "down with foreign rule" was. It seems to us that this is drawing a pretty attenuated line between the questions involved. When we annexed Hawaii we were told that we did so at the request of its people, these being represented by its government, now that the first test comes, it is discovered that those who acted as the governing class in Hawaii did not represent the sentiment of its people. If the vote of the latter on the 6th of November implies anything, it means that a considerable majority were, and are, opposed to a union with the United States, and that, if a referendum vote had been taken, limited to those who were sufficiently educated to read or write, a limitation similar to that which is in use in this State, annexation would have been overwhelmingly defeated. It is fair to suppose that, as an accomplished fact, the union of Hawaii with this country is looked upon with some degree of favor, or, at least, with acquiescence, by quite a number who would have voted against it if the chance had been offered to them three or four years ago. In this instance it seems to us tolerably clear that we have annexed an unwilling people, and have deprived them by so doing of their right to political independence. The only excuse that can be urged in our behalf is that a dominant capitalistic class, representing, we admit, a high degree of intelligence, were determined that annexation should take place, because it was for their social and financial interests that the union should be brought about, and, they, with the authority that they had at their command, and with the easy acquiescence of the Government at Washington, succeeded in accomplishing their purpose.

"When we annexed Hawaii we were told that we did so at the request of its people," is a misleading statement. The anti-annexationists quoted that story from the air, and then undertook to prove it away. No one in authority here ever pretended that the revolution of 1893 was a movement of the native Hawaiian masses; on the contrary, the truth that the property-owning and business minority had started and carried on the revolution to get stable government, was never concealed. At the time annexation took effect the United States government did not ask "the people" anything about their wishes. It simply, at the suggestion of the minority in control here, took possession of the islands as a strategic measure of the Spanish war. That was a better excuse than the Herald suggests, and it was about the only one used. We might add that it had plenty of American precedent running down from the time the Massachusetts people displaced the local aborigines through the various stages of Louisiana, Texan and Californian annexation.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

The frontispiece of the Christmas Advertiser shows at a glance the kind of holiday weather which may be expected anywhere in the Hawaiian group. Here, as Mark Twain has said, with the "summer seas flashing in the sun," and with "plumy palms drooping by the shore," Christmas is a very different day than that upon which English literature has centered the Anglo-Saxon mind. Kriss Kringle is of the north, northern; the Yule log blazes to repel the Arctic frosts; the emblematic tree is the pine of boreal solitudes; Santa Claus comes out of Scandinavian forests wrapped in furs. It seems needful to have such surroundings to make a perfect Christmas day; and yet Christmas was not born amid storms and bleakness. In Judea, nineteen hundred years ago, the shepherds watched their flocks under mild December skies, and the incense of spicy forests blooming on the slopes of Lebanon, rose to Heaven while the angels sang of that peace on earth and good will to man which have fared so long upon their way. There, too, were "balmy airs" and "garlanded craigs," the "pulsing of the surf-beat," the "spirit of the woodland solitude," and the "breath of flowers." Surely though Hawaii, save upon its uttermost peaks, has no touch of frost, it can enter into the heritage of Christmas, not as a strange land adopting an alien holiday, but as a place where the Manger might have held its holy burden all untouched of chill and fanned by the fragrant breath of a midnight as gentle as the Judean.

There is something awe-inspiring in the thought of what a great fire the little matter of a birth in Bethlehem nearly two thousand years ago has kindled in the world. Nothing could be more commonplace than a birth; and a birth in a manger was the humblest of all introductions to our humanity. Bethlehem was a squalid place; its villagers were poor, and Joseph and Mary were poorer than they. Around them to the uttermost limits of the known world spread the pagan magnificence of the Roman Empire. What could a child of the Manger do, with nothing but an olive branch in his hand, to break the armored superstitions of the time, to substitute the Golden Rule for the cruelty and barbarism of the age? What could his coming disciples, the Blessed Fishermen, achieve against the centurions on the street corner, to say naught of the superb triumphs intrenched in every provincial capital? And the Dacians on the frontier and the unknown anthropophagi beyond them in the darkness, what of them? But the spark had been lighted and the fire must spread; the tree had been planted and it must grow; the earthquake forces had begun to gather and the world must shake. Before long the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome had passed into the mists of history; and in their places arose the Empire of the Cross. Far streams the light from the open stable door; and nobler than any figure of Roman paganism or Grecian mythology rises the martyred form of Him who was crucified and yet is triumphant.

There are two conceptions of the Christ written into the warp and woof of Scripture. One is that of Him who came not to bring peace into the world, but a sword. The other is seen in the character of the Prince of Peace. Is it possible to unite these ideas into the harmony which befits the Biblical narrative, or must we dismiss them as thoughts containing too subtle an elixir for human nature's daily food? Certain it is that the wars waged under the dripping banner of the cross have been the most terrible of all wars; true, also, it is that Christianity is the Gospel of forbearance and brotherly love. How shall these things be reconciled? Ah, doubting spirit, look back across the reeking path of history and see the gradual but sure approach of the millennium! Wars have opened pagan lands as no mere message of good will could ever have done, until almost the entire world is ready to hear the milder teachings of the Word. Wars have made widely separated races known to each other; and the militant strength of the Christian nations is tempting pagan nations, like Japan, to inquire into the secrets of the faith. Moreover, wars are now growing shorter and fewer, for with their cost in blood and treasure measured by the standards of human life which the Gospel inculcates, the conviction is forced upon nations whom Christianity has educated, that wars should cease forever. War has scattered the seeds of its own ruin and that, saving the day of miracles, is the plan of the universe. God works by evolution, not by revolution, new; he establishes causes and lets the world wait for effects; and whatever seems the evil of the moment becomes in the end a factor in universal good. The guns that thunder before the seamed old walls of China will soon be silent; and after that Peace will be planted on the ruins of the temples. He who brought the sword into the world will yet turn it into the pruning hook; and as men look back from the vantage ground of the millennium they will not regret the thorns and sadness of the way, seeing the discipline they

gave, but will realize that the eternal way was just.

God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold. We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart; Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.

OF CURRENT INTEREST.

Depew Has Reached His Goal

Senator Chauncey Depew was in a reminiscent mood one night recently after dinner at a favorite New York club, and related to a few friends how he had achieved political success after long years of patient waiting. "It was always my ambition," said Mr. Depew, "to be a Senator. When I was a little boy in the village of Peekskill I conceived that desire. I had read Plutarch's lives and Roman history. I had read all the books in the circulating library, and the most fascinating volumes were those which dealt with the careers of Senators. William H. Seward was my ideal. I wanted to be like him. I wanted to be a success as a lawyer, and I wanted to be a Senator. I kept my eyes fixed on my ideal. I went to Yale with my ideal in my heart, and I came out of Yale with it still there. I went to work, and I won out as a lawyer. In 1885 I was offered that Senatorship for which I had long striven, but I didn't take it. Why? Because I was pledged to my ideal. I was urged to take the place, but much as I desired it I said no, and stood for Elyarts. No, I never despaired of being a Senator, for I knew my time would come. Just so sure as a man fixes his mind on a goal and holds it there steadfastly, thinking only of that goal, he will ultimately reach it. One thing, I never worried. You can't win if you worry. Leave that for your opponents. No matter what happens, don't worry. Go to bed and go to sleep. When you awaken you will have forgotten the cares of the preceding day, and you will have strength to overcome all obstacles. Yes, I shall stay in the Senate so long as I may, if only in admiration of Seward. It is not an admiration that may lead one astray."

Always a Joker.

The morning after Roland Reed's most recent operation in St. Luke's hospital, New York, the comedian was quite certain he was for this earth but a few hours more. He expressed this view to the nurse with such despairing vehemence that she feared, if he were not speedily rid of the idea, he might work himself into a fever which would delay his recovery a day or two. Therefore, she humored him by calling the surgeon. "It's all over this time," answered Reed lustily. "Nonsense," said that worthy, and he winked at the nurse. "No such luck! You're good to murder any quantity of defenseless stage jokes yet." And, to gratify the actor, he began feeling him over. "Did you ever hear of anybody near death with both legs and feet as warm as yours?" "Yes," answered Reed, bracing up enough to get a twinkle in his eye. "Lots of 'em." "Who were they?" "Joan of Arc and the Salem witches."

Nearly a Clean Sweep.

Meeting a queer specimen of human foism from the Galveston flood at the Hoffman House in New York last week, Victor Smith inquired how the election suited him. "Us people," he replied, "were too much concerned about getting things to rights in our town to think much of the election. We didn't come to money to bet with, which might have been a good thing, as matters turned out, for it seems as if everything, except hell and Texas, went for McKinley. Jever see anything like it?"

Budapest's Up-to-Date Service.

A news telephone service has been established at Budapest, the object of the scheme being to supply subscribers with reports of all the important occurrences which are ordinarily chronicled in the daily papers. The service has a main line 185 miles in length, and it is connected with private houses and various public resorts. Between 7:30 a. m. and 9:30 p. m. twenty-eight editions of news are spoken into the transmitter by ten leather-lunged individuals, who work in shifts of two.

Can't Pay a 5-Cent Fare With \$20

Some time ago Ida Balk tendered a street car conductor in Toledo a \$20 bill in payment of one fare. The conductor refused to accept the bill on the ground that he did not have change for that amount and ejected the woman from the car. She brought suit against the company for damages and the case was decided against her. Judge Pugsley said in deciding the case that it was unreasonable to expect the street car conductor to carry that amount of change.

Horses "Doped" for the Horse Show.

Charges of "doping" made against prominent exhibitors at the New York Horse Show are laughed at by experts, who say the practices objected to have always been in vogue among proprietors of aristocratic stables. That stimulants, such as ammonia preparations, have been administered to animals just before entering the arena is not denied. They call it "freshening up" a horse.

Where the Money Went.

The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal says that a Boston physician was recently called to a family which he found in such destitute circumstances that he gave, in addition to his prescription, a \$5 bill. Happening in the next day, he discovered that his gift had been thus spent: Three dollars to the priest, which, of course, was all right, and \$2 to get another doctor.

Four Out of Five Are Rejected.

Out of more than 42,000 applicants at Federal Navy recruiting stations during the latest Governmental year only 8,123 were accepted, and of these a noteworthy percentage were re-enlistments. Many of the men, nowadays must possess peculiar qualifications and knowledge, and in order to acquire these qualifications there must be schooling in actual service.

For Local Option in Georgia.

The Georgia Legislature is receiving with much favor the plan of giving to the counties local option in respect to the dispensary system of conducting the liquor traffic. It was in a Georgia county that this system originated, it is said, and it has worked so well that a strong sentiment exists in favor of a general application where local opinion is favorable.

Pennsylvania Pullman.

A number of the rich men of Philadelphia have been enlisted in a movement to establish a model industrial town at some point on the Delaware river. From the brief description of the project given out it would appear that Pullman is to be the pattern to which the new town will be cut.

They are Everywhere.

Dr. Thomas H. Norton, American Consul at Harpoot, Turkey, recently gave a dinner to the members of the Phi Beta Kappa Society resident in Pera. Nearly a dozen persons were present representing Harvard, Princeton, Yale, Vassar, Hamilton, Bowdoin, Amherst, Williams and Columbia.

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